

HERE ARE TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—BLUE IS FASHION'S BACKGROUND—SILK LINGERIE—LETTERS

CONCERNING THAT GIRL WHO HAS NO GIRL FRIENDS

"Maud" Himself Writes to Find Out About Her—Is Taken Back to College Days Where Fifteen Freshmen Suddenly Found Themselves Uninvited

YOU can't keep a vital question down under cover; wartime does make so many queer changes. But your letter from one who signs "herself" Maud says otherwise. The girls every day in the week and twice on Sundays is still on deck.

"Dear Editor of the Woman's Page," writes Maud, who really ought to know that an editor of the problematic column recognizes Maud's handwriting when she sees it. "How about writing something about the girl who has no girl friends? Tell us how this happens. I know one who says none of the girls like her because she happens to have more men friends than they have. Are girls that way?"

NO, Maud, I am glad I can answer you truthfully and tell you that girls are not that way. The one who has all men friends and none of us who have only our everyday selves to offer cannot hide behind that excuse. We won't let her.

I have often heard it said that circumstances frequently shape things that a girl has more men friends than girls. For that reason, I am going to ask you to travel back a few years, Maud. Because whenever I can hear this subject of friendship discussed I simply can't help thinking of the certain class of freshmen girls who all came to college on the same day. They were all strangers from far away and gloriously lonesome. This is the point I want to make in my letter to you. The game of making friends equally. Circumstances were identical.

Now across the street and down the twisting road a nation of girls is walking the country road to the village with male accompaniment; most of their evenings in the phone booths of the college corridor and most of their letters are directed across the street. Within one month the other members of the class were playing baseball, basketball, tennis, and swimming parties in the evenings and matinee parties in town in the afternoon. When

college life got in full swing, the complaint began to race around the school that the fifteen were never invited anywhere.

AND now comes a secret, Maud. These fifteen girls weren't invited to partake in the girls' stunts after a certain discovery was made. You would get tired of asking any one to go to a smoker with you who would never go unless he was positively sure there wasn't the slightest possibility of a date with a girl in sight. And wouldn't you get disgusted after a while if a man went so far as to break a stag date with you every time you first received a different variety of skirt loomed in sight?

Well that's what happened in college. The girls were invited, but if there was a chance to go to tea with a man just as long as it was a man, the date with the girls for matinee faded into oblivion. That is what happened in college, Maud, and that is what is happening out of college all over the world. The value of a woman's friendship higher than a woman's.

There is no way to explain this, except if we are unkind enough to lay it all to shallowness and love of show. Many girls and women like to be seen with men. The oftener seen with them, the better impression they imagine they are making on the world. They hurl one man at another one's head in an effort to score with him.

Of course you and I know, Maud, that this does sometimes make an impression on the lesser sort of man. He, too, lives by outward show and has to have the assurance that the girls he takes to the movies are popular. But it is very nice and comforting to know that the lesser man is really in the minority.

In conclusion, I can't help taking you back to those college days Mr. Maud. I want you to know that the girl who was honestly popular with men was the best-dressed girl in her class. No one begrudged her this popularity. And that is the way with most of the world's fine young women. They aren't jealous, but they do get awfully sick-tired of the girl who can see no further than a pair of trousers!

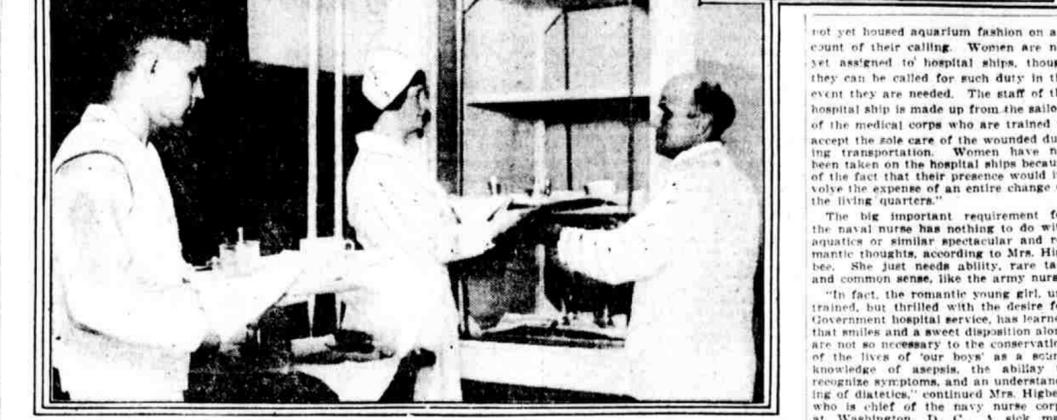
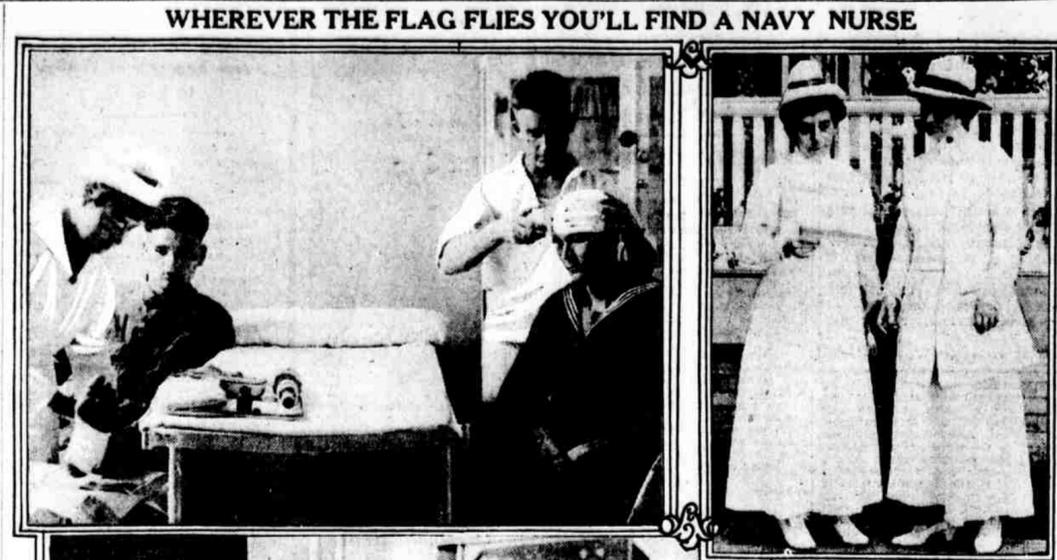
Alice Kent and the Day's Work The Story of a Business Girl Who Would Not Fail

CHAPTER XXXI
The two weeks' employment at S. Millinger's, "The Corner Book Store," paid me more money than I had earned before, and it was also a rich experience. Millinger's was the largest place of its kind in Philadelphia and numbered among its customers not only the town's leading citizens but also families of standard work, comprising the classics, encyclopedias, dictionaries, complete sets of well-known authors of the past were near, but as my Corner Book Store clerk, I had to do more than to the best of the day. In recognition of the heavy local demand, we kept constantly on hand a great assortment of school and college text books, also stationery, magazines and newspapers.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

TODAY'S INQUIRIES
1. What is the remedy for the reconstruction side of the woman who is to serve under Surgeon General (organ) in giving remedies to wounded soldiers returned from France?
2. Does this service require special training?
3. What is the "Little Church of the Women's"?
4. When the place where goods canned in glass are stored in the light, what precautionary measures should be taken?
5. Why should a little piece of sandpaper be used in the kitchen for scrubbing?
6. How can one get steel for a valuable assistance in making a knitting bar?

Do Nothing; Remain Quiet
To the Editor of Woman's Page:
Dear Madam—Will you kindly tell me what is the best way to give a gift to a woman who is a fan of the "Woman's Exchange"?



Nine hundred and eighty-three of Uncle Sam's nieces are members of the United States Navy Corps. They do everything from taking care of Jack Tar to mothering little sick babies in the tropical islands in the Pacific Ocean.

NAVY NURSES FOLLOW STARS AND STRIPES TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH

Nine Hundred and Eighty-three of Them Help Make Jack Tar Well, Mother Babies on Tropical Islands and Give Parties to the Natives With the Time Left Over

THE girl who nurses Jack Tar leads as thrilling an existence as does Jack Tar himself.
In her office high up on the green banks of the Potomac River in Washington, Mrs. L. S. Higbee, chief of the United States navy nursing corps, directs the work of 883 of them. At the beginning of the war her little band numbered only 145.

These nurses are spread all over the globe.
"One might consider that the sick sailor is the sole responsibility of the member of the navy nurse corps," explains Mrs. Higbee. "No indeed! Her work is limitless. She must be prepared to 'mother' the sick little native orphans on the tropical islands of the Pacific Ocean and also to 'mother' the parents, who are nothing more than children of larger stature. She must be a trained executive, able to instruct the sailors assigned to the navy hospital corps. The navy nurse co-operates with the doctors in transforming the sailor boy into a hospital attendant. Though her capable fingers may itch to finish the task which the new student stungles with his amateurish inexperience she must stand by with only kindly suggestion.

A Forerunner for Fall Frocks A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

IT is just as tiresome to me as it must be to you to hear me say again and again that blue is the color of the hour, but what is a poor fashion writer going to do when well-dressed women refuse to accept any other shade as their favorite? The navy blue dress has been pronounced a triumphal way this spring. To be sure, there have been rivals in the tan costumes, but the rivalry is such that it makes the success of blue all the more pronounced.



The sketch shows one of the fall models in blue serge. It is strikingly new feature is the facing of the tunic in striped silk, just as the made-to-order black satin dresses have appeared with hems faced in white satin and blue satin ones lined with red.

Hunting a Husband
By MARY DOUGLAS
CHAPTER LXXXVI
Mrs. Ashby to the Rescue
I CLOSED the door softly behind me. My room was all in darkness. I groped my way to my bed. Flung myself on it. I pressed my face into the cool pillow.
My thoughts came clear, like pictures. Bits of landscape with George Arnold in the foreground. Even in the darkness, there, the shamed color made me warm. They had known—known all along that he would marry. They had let me go on. Then it came to me with a force sharp as a blade. They thought I knew he was married. What had Mrs. Ashby's words meant, but that?
"You pretend to be so innocent!" And Cousin Madeleine. "You're old enough to take care of yourself!" The big sobs raked me, now. My breath came in little catches. But it did not beat back the truth. My burning eyes brought clearly those pictures—
I smothered my head in the pillow. Then I felt a soft, cool touch on my arm. Some one was kneeling beside my bed. "There, child, there, what is it? Tell me," the voice said, "I'll be with you in a few words, cried out between the sobs, I told her. "I had not known George Arnold was married. They all thought—"
Mrs. Ashby held both my wrists in a firm clasp, until I had stopped—and was myself again.
"Then I sat up. "I must go. I cannot stay here now. I must get away. Go back to the empty house."
"Wait," said Mrs. Ashby, "where is your mother?"
"That is it, Sara Lane. Go there. In that clear air, free of artificialities, you will get hold of yourself again. And your mother can help you—make you see that all this counts for nothing. No one needs to tell me that," I answered—"I'll be ready, then. Go tomorrow. You pack. Leave the rest to me."

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"ALL FOOD, NO WASTE"
War Time Corn Meal COCOA CAKE
Dainty, light and satisfying—it's as easy to bake as it is delightful to eat.
Wilbur's War-Time Recipes
show how to make a dainty, delicious and economical cocoa. Your copy's waiting free. Send for it today.
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Guaranteed Goods at Little Cost

We mention just a few items in these columns—examples of how we are using the buying power of this organization to hold down costs. Check us up on anything—prices tall—keeping in mind always that QUALITY with us is the first consideration. Our prices are based on one small profit.
You always save the middleman's tax.

FANCY TEXAS ONIONS 4c lb

Everyone enjoys a dish of nice creamed onions. These are very mild and just the right size. All you want for the next three days at this price.

Now is the time for Iced Tea Drink it a-plenty

Our Regular 50c India & Ceylon cut to 45c lb

This is the kind to use for iced tea, because of its extra Heavy Body—goes farther than ordinary tea. Very fine flavor. The best drink you ever served.

Square, Marvel or Quall Condensed Milk 10c can

It has been a long time since you bought condensed milk at 10c a can. Splendid for coffee and more economical to use for puddings and all kinds of cooking, where milk is required, than fresh milk. IT IS BOTH SUGAR AND CREAM TO COFFEE AND TEA.

Choice Evaporated PEACHES 10c lb

Big value in splendid California fruit. A limited quantity in all stores. They will not last long at this price.

BEST KILN-DRIED CORN MEAL 5c lb

Fresh ground and kiln-dried, will keep indefinitely, and the price is low. Your choice of either yellow or white.

"Louella" BUTTER 53c lb

Louella is the pride of every good housekeeper's table that has ever used it. If you would know butter par excellence plus—then get acquainted with Louella.

Richland BUTTER 49c lb

A good second to Louella, many a grocer would be glad to have as good for his best.

Gold Seal EGGS 45c doz. Fresh EGGS 42c doz.

The freshest, biggest, Not so large as "Gold Seal" but every egg guaranteed. Packed in dozen cartons. I feed absolutely fresh.

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